



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

LONDON, September 10, 1860.

I HAVE been visiting an English gentleman for some days past—at a quiet place about two hours' ride from London, by the South-Western Railway. The country around me was entirely agricultural, except the parks in the neighborhood, which are old, and in most instances beautiful.—There was not much in the way of views for sketching near the house. One bit, from the lawn, whiled away my time for two mornings.

In the village of thatched cottages, with timber-ribbed walls, and at a ten minutes' walk from the house is an old church, mantled with ivy, especially the tower, to the very summit; scarcely allowing the quaint gothic windows, greyed and crumbled with perhaps four hundred years of age, to look out and make known their beauty. The newer parts of the church do but little credit to the taste of the former Sir Thomas Baring, who was the possessor, and dictated the construction. His remains now rest here, and his monument within the walls is adorned by the handywork of the great Flaxman. Heavy foliage surrounds the church. A footpath leaves the shady road through the village, where the clear brook, which meanders through fertile meadows and beneath overhanging trees, passes beneath a bridge like all happy brooks in country villages, and as a great poet has sung it—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

So, too, this brook goes on; but I leave it to pass through the style to walk along the shady path across the freshest of green meadows, that leads to the door of the solemn old church. And so I might discourse about the geraniums in the windows, and the roses climbing the thatch—the overgrown hollyhock, and the bits of garden about the cottages in the village—of the innocent little "urchins" playing in the dust, with no thought of their future—of old people hobbling along, soon to lay down in their grave; and of younger people returning, toiling and yet glad beneath the weight of the gleanings from corn-fields near by. How the blacksmith rests at his anvil, and with his companion in toil, the wheel-wright, surveys in his work-yard, well stored with various shaped timber, old wheels, cart-bodies, horse-rakes, and the like—the last new spoke he has added to the wheel, or the last new tooth added to the rake, as the smoke dies away from his pipe. Then there is the baker, and the shoemaker, and the grocer; and across the way the post-office, and here you read, "Licensed to sell wines and tobacco." And thus I could pass on through the entire village—but I must leave it in its warm light, and soft shadows; but yet, one look more, to see the smoke curl up from its curious chimneys, and fade away in the quiet evening.

At this hospitable house there were horses at my service: or carriages, and a coachman to drive, and charming young ladies to join me. Thus the days passed as "sunny hours," which they were.

One of those days was spent in a drive to Lord Ashburton's Park—of course, joined by the ladies; because, how else could I have pointed out the beauties of the place. And here we have, upon hilly ground, venerable beeches, and giant elms, with all degrees of youthful and luxuriant foliage—up the sloping hill sides—in long avenues, and in round clumps on descending slopes, and green lawns, or overshadowing the most transparent of lakes—so clear and so pure that the swans may well glide grace-

fully on its bosom. Over all, like a Greek temple, looks down the solid mansion—for it is adorned with doric columns; and as far as such architecture is in keeping with the uses of a dwelling house, it is orderly and good. But I always feel in the presence of such buildings that there should be the full-robed priests on their way to sacrifice, rather than our modern-fashioned ladies and gentlemen playing at battledore on the lawn. However, since the family were all away, there was an air of repose breathing over all, that made it charming to look from the high terraces over ornamental flower beds, lawn, and trees, and still water. I walked a few times up and down the terrace, in front of the lordly doric columns, and imagined myself his lordship Ashburton, and "monarch of all I surveyed." We peeped into the windows, and caught glimpses of elegant furniture and pictures, very rare no doubt. But since the house is not shown to visitors, it is all I can say of its interior. We retraced our steps by a winding path along the lake to our carriage, when after several miles of delightful driving through the grounds, we emerged upon the public road.

Another day we passed in an excursion to the town of Winchester. This picture is quite the reverse of the other. Here we are in an old town which dates back to nobody knows when, not even the oldest inhabitant; only that tradition speaks of it as one of the first settled places in England. But so fast do our modern improvements efface the footprints of the mysterious past, that were it not for its great Cathedral, its Hospital of St. Cross, its College, its few ruins, here and there, and its pages of history, it would be to all outward appearance like any other thriving town. It was a place of note before the Romans came, who named it Venta Belgarum. In the ninth century it was the capital of England, under the sway of Egbert, King of Wessex; and in the eleventh century it passed to Norman rule, under William the Conqueror, who built a castle and a palace here. Henry III. was born here. Henry IV. here married Joan of Brittany. Parliament was held here in the 14th and 15th centuries. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. was born here. The Emperor Charles V. was the guest of Henry VIII. here in 1522. Here Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh was tried here, and many other circumstances of interest are associated with it, till Cromwell put the finishing touches upon its greatness by blowing up with gunpowder its fortifications, and quartering his troopers and horses in the cathedral.

Now the cathedral is the great attraction. It is said that its foundation can be traced to the year A. D. 175, and thence from time to time it took new and better shape, till at last William de Wykeham completed the present building in 1404. As is usual with the old churches, it has the form of the cross, and is 560 feet from east to west, with other proportions of corresponding magnitude. There is, of course, a variety of periods in the architecture; but the chief features presented are the Norman and the Gothic. Within its noble walls lie the bones of Alfred the Great, and the famous Canute. Here, to the present day, is shown the chair in which Queen Mary sat at the time of her marriage. Here, too, is the trampled pavement, and mutilated monuments, and broken carvings, to point the artist's and the antiquarian's maledictions on Cromwell and his soldiers. As I stood within its grand nave, I could imagine the picturesque confusion of idle soldiers lying about, the heaps of armor, the horses, the plunder, and the gear of war in the aisles and amid the monuments. Over the altar is a painting, by West, of the raising of Lazarus. The

chantries of various bishops and celebrities are very rich. An old writer says, "so delicately and so elaborately are they carved out, that they have more the appearance of being wrought in ivory than in stone." In the olden time, there were daily masses chanted for the repose of their souls; hence, one would think the old fellows were not comfortable, even with all their splendor. William de Wykeham had his monument erected in his own time, after his own design. The effigy is a well sculptured likeness of himself in his canonical robes; two angels are at his head, while three monks are in the attitude of earnest prayer at his feet. Thus I thought he must have had some misgivings about going the "unknown journey" alone, and took these unhappy three fellows for company to do the praying, while he nestled in the arms of the winged spirits. The three monks look very uncomfortable at his feet, so far away from the angels. "Peace to his ashes" and his soul, for he was a great and a good man, and did a wondrous work in the cathedral, to which all who come must gaze on and admire. Isaac Walton, of piscatory renown, lies buried here in the old Norman south transept, with the date of 1683 on his tombstone.

The Hospital of St. Cross is about a mile from the Cathedral, by a pleasant path through the meadows. It is a massive Norman building, and to architects is one of the most interesting in the kingdom. The Hospital was originally intended for thirteen poor men, with their stewards, chaplain, clerks, and choristers, and for the dispensing of hospitality to wayfarers—and to this day a little remnant of its ancient "good cheer" is kept up, by giving to any one who presents himself at the porter's lodge a horn of ale and a slice of bread; but I found the ale very thin, and the bread very hard. It is now the property of the Earl of Guilford. His predecessor, I am told, gave good ale, and cheese with the bread. One of the poor occupants, a silvered and bent old man, a "ciceroni" to the place, is a decayed artist. While I loitered in one of its aisles to sketch a table, presented to the Hospital by Charles II., he came to me and said it was a very favorite corner; that he often stopped to admire it, but that I ought to see it with the sun shining, and the shadows of the arch and the ivy over it—with a sympathy and a warmth of heart which seemed so unusual in a guide, that I asked my friends who he was, and learned that he was a brother in my craft. I did not see him again, but I wondered if the sight of my sketch-book and pencil had touched a chord of his better days. He was from the Isle of Wight. I should quite like to know more of him. In the refectory is the table, the leathern tankard, the salt-cellar, the candlestick, of the olden time.

After loitering through the college, and seeing its objects of interest, we returned, tired, happy and hungry.

Another day of my pleasant sojourn at this place was passed in a drive to Lavistock Park, in the neighborhood of which all the paper for the Bank of England is made. Two old country churches in this drive were well worth visiting. Returning home, our coachman mistook the road, and gave us a long drive of perhaps twenty-five miles, by which we saw a good deal of the country, and a good deal we could not see, it being late and dark when we got back.

Southampton afforded us another excursion, where, after visiting and lunching with some friends, we visited the princely residence of one of the partners of Messrs. Croskey & Co., Southampton steamer proprietors. Here we saw some beautiful pictures by an artist new to me, Mr. F. Lee Bridell. His

picture from Spenser's "Fairie Queen" is one of the most beautiful landscapes I have seen. In the collection are two pictures by Cropsey. Under a cedar-tree in front of the house, Pope wrote his "Essay on Man," and Isaac Watts many of his beautiful hymns.

Next we journeyed to Netley Abbey, which is a beautiful ruin, entirely overshadowed with ivy and trees; but a vandal hand is smoothing and levelling the ground within the walls, and the axe has laid level several stately trees; all for the purpose, I understand, of making it a tea garden. Well, perhaps while he is at it, he will whitewash and carpet it, which would make it perfect in this way. To some people it appears as if it were a pity that the Creator had given us nature, from the manner in which they treat it.

Thus, after ten days of pleasant excursions, and the best of "good cheer"—no thin ale and stale bread—we returned to town, refreshed in mind, and improved in health. Long live our hospitable host, his two blooming daughters, and "merrie old England!"

ENGLAND.—"Of course," says one of our friend's correspondents, "my first business in London was to visit the various exhibitions, then in their last week. At the Royal Academy my attention was directed to what I was most interested in—the landscapes. I must say I was very much disappointed in them, and as a matter of private taste, I would rather have that large picture of James Hart's, the 'Placid Lake,' than the whole collection. The New Water-color Gallery I did not enjoy; but the Old Society of Water-colors was the 'great gun,' and being more interested in that department of art, I went daily. And here I hardly know where to begin. Perhaps the most wonderful things are W. Hunt's studies of apples, etc. The execution is perfect, and the coloring true; they look so round and crisp, that one really feels like taking a bite. I think that if perfect realization is desirable in any department of art, it is in still-life painting; and if the chief end of art is to deceive the eye, then W. Hunt is the greatest artist. But this I could never be made to believe. The next great wonder was Birket Foster's drawings. They excited great attention; but the people had to look at them through strong magnifying glasses, to be able to see what was really there, to such excess was the finish carried; they were actually stippled all over, even the skies, and had the same effect as ivory miniatures. They were undoubtedly thoroughly well drawn and well composed, but I did not like the color—an unnatural purple hue—that pervaded the clouds in every drawing, entirely out of harmony with nature. I believe no one ever saw pure purple clouds in a mid-day sky. It may be bad taste on my part, but I did not feel gratified with Birket Foster's cloud drawings as much as I am with his drawings on wood. S. Read has a large and very fine interior in the manner of Roberts, well drawn and brilliantly colored, and finished up to the right point. There are several fine drawings by T. M. Richardson, many of them coast and beach scenes, that I admired very much. Harding has a fine forest scene; I think he is master of the field in trees. J. Gilbert has several fine drawings, the most distinguished of which is a scene from 'Bleak House,' where Miss Flite, the crazy old maiden, introduces the wards in chancery to the pseudo Lord Chancellor, at the rag and bottle shop—full of humor, I always thought. As Gilbert is noted for being a perfect master of color and execution, I did not expect to see a work of this kind from his hand. The story is perfectly told, and the work is done with a dash and abandon perfectly charming—and although executed with

a bold hand, is finished completely. There were many other fine works to mention, which would take up too much space; those I have mentioned, I believe, are the most prominent. On the whole, I should say that pre-Raphaelism *pur et simple* does not play a prominent part this year, but I observe that the old 'Blottesque' style is dying out fast, and that a more careful study of detail is becoming the fashion. I noticed the satisfactory little blue ticket, with the word 'sold' on it, on all the works of Richardson, Oallow, Harding, Collingwood, Smith, Rowbotham, and several others of what we may perhaps call the old masters of water-color art.

"It remains to be seen how long it will take Mr. Ruskin to bowl them down; there is no sign of it at present. It would never do, however, for younger artists to attempt their style, as high finish is the present demand of the London market."

ITALY.—*Rome*.—Political triumphs are not the sole triumphs in Italy. We find in a foreign journal the record of a remarkable fête at Rome in honor of Overbeck, which goes to show that artistic genius is not lost sight of in the midst of political agitation. "They have celebrated here," says the correspondent of the journal referred to, "the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Overbeck in Rome. The German artists resolved to honor the occasion in a way worthy of this great master. The King of Bavaria placed at their disposition the villa Molta, which belongs to him, in which Overbeck first established his studio. It was in this royal dwelling that the society of artists assembled, whilst a portion, on horseback and in carriages, proceeded to Monte-Marie in order to surprise the eminent artist, who, passing the day at home, was far from suspecting any proceedings of the kind. After a short address by the painter Zumppe, the organ of his associates, the cortège took up its march, increased by a great number of foreign artists. On reaching the entrance of the villa Molta, Overbeck was complimented by M. Schœpf, sculptor, in the name of his majesty, the King of Bavaria. The painter's former studio was decorated with a transparency due to the pencil of M. Emler, of Vienna, representing 'Germany and Italy' in a fraternal attitude; before the picture stood a bust of Overbeck crowned with laurel, also several of the early sketches by this great master. The architect Köhler recited a poem containing many fine and appropriate sentiments. The illustrious artist was much moved when, at the fall of the curtain, he found himself before his own bust and the picture alluded to. If the king consents, these will be placed at the entrance of the villa, with an inscription to remind posterity that from this studio proceeded the first regenerating movement in behalf of German art. A palm-tree cultivated by Overbeck was planted at a suitable spot, the ceremony being accompanied with apposite remarks on the symbolic signification of the palm by the painter Hoffmann, of Vienna, and excellent music by a chorus composed of German artists. After this a magnificent banquet was provided in the open air under a canopy of verdure. The utmost hilarity prevailed; toasts inspired by affection and esteem, and German patriotic songs succeeded each other in celebration of this great artistic triumph in honor of Overbeck. Among the guests who took part in the jubilee were Cardinal Rausch, and the Austrian, Prussian and Dutch ambassadors. Baron Bach imparted to the hero of the fête a telegraphic dispatch, by which the Emperor Francis Joseph conferred upon him the cross of his order. Cornelius, who was unable to assist at the festival on account of the state of his health, sent a letter of congratulation, which was read and received with the most enthusiastic applause."

BELGIUM.—In the art-statistics of Belgium we find some important facts reflecting European growth of art. We are told that from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, all exhibitions were private, the artist exposing his own works for the pleasure of his friends and amateurs of art. After 1789, associations were formed based upon public support. In 1811, the first exhibition that took place at Brussels contained 413 works of art, increasing gradually to 1286 works in 1857. An exhibition took place at Antwerp in 1789, at which 88 works were exhibited; in 1858 there was one containing 979 works. Other towns in Belgium show similar proportionate results for the same period. Summing up the various statements of exhibitions, it is found that in eighty-one years Belgium has had 200 public exhibitions, in which there has been displayed 40,000 pictures. The receipts for admission range from 10,460 francs in 1833 to 67,740 francs in 1839, since which year this sum has been the average. In 1851, the price of admission was advanced from half a franc to one franc. Taking the ten exhibitions in Brussels, from 1830 to 1858, we find the various departments of art represented by 6973 paintings, 711 pieces of sculpture, 280 medals, 558 drawings, 493 miniatures and aquarelles, 111 architectural designs, 454 engravings, and 326 lithographs. Of the artists exhibiting, there were, in 1839, 84 foreign artists, and in 1857, 422.

The Brussels exhibition for 1860 of modern works of art is now open. It is composed of 1114 works of art, exhibited by 652 artists, of which 122 are French, 53 are German, 40 are Dutch, 18 are English and 419 are Belgian. Two Italians and one Russian complete the list of contributors. The works furnished by the Belgian artists consists of 87 examples of portraiture, 96 of landscape and animals, 89 of *genre* subjects, 9 marines, 6 church interiors, 14 subjects of fruit and flowers, 46 pieces of sculpture, 27 engravings, and 46 drawings, medals architectural designs, etc.

In order to fix the eye on the progress of art in Europe, we jot down at random a list of prominent monuments, memorials, statues, etc., now in progress and completed the last few months. One of the grandest is the great Luther monument erected at Worms, the funds for which are provided by Protestants of all countries. The cost of this monument will be over \$80,000. England has just organized a subscription for its portion of the amount, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. An idea of its design may be had by consulting the London Art Journal for September, in which there is a small wood-cut engraving of it.—A Mr. Frank Crossley, it seems, has provided a park for the people at Halifax, and he has one of his rewards in a statue. The work represents Mr. Crossley seated in a chair or couch, holding in his hand a deed of gift of the park. Mr. Joseph Durham, of London is the artist.—The Prince Regent of Prussia has allotted a sum of 10,000 crowns for the erection of a monument to Goethe, which is to be similar to that now being raised to Schiller.—The town of Maeseyck, containing about 4,500 inhabitants, has resolved to erect a colossal bronze group representing the brothers Van Eyck, who were born in this place; John Van Eyck, it is said, discovered the process of painting in oil, besides being an eminent artist. Wiener is the artist intrusted with the commission.—A bronze statue of Sir John Franklin is about to be erected in his native town.—The statue of Dr. Isaac Watts has been commenced, and will be erected next July, on the anniversary of his birth, in the public park of Southampton. With the pedes-

tal, it will be twenty feet high. A Mr. Lucas is the sculptor.—A monument organized by workmen to Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning-mule, has been resolved on at Bolton, England.—Hallam, the historian, is to have a statue in St. Paul's, London.—A monument is in preparation, to be erected at St. Paul's church, Penzance (Eag.), to the memory of "Old Dolly Pentreath," who is said to be "the last person who spoke the Cornish language." Prince Lucien Buonaparte is engaged, conjointly with the vicar of the place, in the undertaking.—One of the novelties in the way of memorial art is a colossal statue of the Virgin, erected on the heights of Puy de Dôme in September last, cast from the cannon taken at Sebastopol. Ecclesiastical authority, *via* an English newspaper, states that "on September 5th, the Emperor promised to Mary the cannons of Sebastopol, and that on September 8th, Mary opened the gates of Sebastopol to the Emperor's soldiers." September 12th was the day fixed for the inauguration of the statue. "May this happy alliance," says the bishop, "between heaven and earth, between religion and authority, be drawn closer every day."—The next monument is a statue of Murillo about to be erected at Madrid. Considering the immense sums of money distributed in the countries like Italy and Spain, whose artistic treasures draw to them the idle and the wealthy, we wonder that art is not considered of more utilitarian consequence by political economists. A few statues by a "grateful people," like that in honor of Murillo, may yet produce an impression on their minds.

France has recently lost one of its most eminent artists in the painter Décamps. Alexander Gabriel Décamps was born at Paris in 1803. He was a pupil of Abel de Pujol; and is remarkable for having repudiated the conventional practice of the Academy, relying upon the inspiration of his own nature. His early pictures were often refused at exhibitions by the jury on admissions, but they found their way finally to public estimation. Décamps, like Delacroix, painted almost every class of subject. His first efforts were landscape with figures, mostly souvenirs of oriental travel—Turkish bazaars and schools, Arab halts, etc. He then painted animals, dogs, horses, asses, tortoises and chickens, in composition with various scenes, his specialty for a certain period being monkeys. He represented monkeys before a mirror, and monkeys baking, painting and criticising, two of his designs in the latter class being a trenchant satire upon the academy jury which had been severe on his performances. In historical art he produced several subjects from Scripture, "Joseph sold by his brethren," "Scenes from the life of Samson," etc; and two battle-pieces for the late Duke of Orleans. Most of Décamps' works are to be found in private collections, the state possessing none. The incontestable originality of Décamps' talent lies in his humor and certain technical characteristics—vigor of coloring, striking effect and happy rendering of the expression of the objects and personages portrayed by him. Décamps engraved many of his own compositions published in the French journal *L'Artiste*. The habits of this artist were in harmony with his tastes. He resided near the forest of Fontainebleau, in the environs of Paris, in the midst of the trees, in company with huntsmen, peasants and dogs, in fact with every being he delighted to place on his canvases. His death was in keeping with his life. On the occasion of a late periodical hunt, Décamps mounted a vicious horse that he was unable to control; the horse, standing under or near a tree, sprang forward and dashed his head against a branch, throwing him from his seat, leaving him on the ground

in a mangled condition: He survived the accident but two hours, dying on the 22d August last, deeply regretted by the profession and an appreciative public.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1860.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MISS EMMA STEBBINS exhibits, at Goupil's gallery, three pieces of sculpture, the first examples of her talent, we believe, that have appeared before a New York public; two of the three are statuettes, representing ideal embodiments of Labor and Commerce, and the third a bust of Miss Charlotte Cushman. These marbles are especially remarkable for their execution. Miss Cushman's bust is an excellent likeness, and fully expressive of her masculine energy. "Labor" and "Commerce" are types of mankind, somewhat too refined, we think, for the coarse ideas they symbolize, a qualification not often observable in works of art. These works possess great merit, and we hope to see them followed soon by others.

On the 13th inst., the gallery of paintings belonging to the estate of Charles M. Leupp, will be sold at auction, a collection that contains many gems of native art, worthy of a place in any collection in the country, besides several fine examples of foreign art. Of the latter class we mention the animal subjects by Robbe, procured for Mr. Leupp by Mr. Clemson, our former minister at Brussels, a specimen of Ommeganck, a water-color drawing by Davidson, and one by Preziosi of a view of Constantinople, purchased by Mr. Leupp in that city. The collection is especially rich in examples of American art. Among them are "The Mountain Ford" and "Kenilworth," by Cole, both rare examples of his genius, and always coveted by amateurs: Mount's "Power of Music," (miscalled Dance of the Haymakers, in the catalogue), one of his early works, and full of the humor and character that his pictures are conspicuous for; "A Mother teaching her Child to pray," by Gray, one of his choice compositions; Allston's "Katherine and Petruccio," an early picture exhibiting the artist's power in the handling of Shakspearean character; "Facing the Enemy," "Gil Blas and the Archbishop," and "Sam Weller," by Edmonds, three of his best productions; a copy of Titian's "Duke d' Urbino," by Page; one of Leutze's fine small compositions, "Henry VIII. and Holbein," and a larger work, "Mrs. Schuyler firing the wheat field;" Inman's "Rip Van Winkle," for which Hackett sat; a fine old portrait by Stuart; a beautiful small landscape, "Scene on the Upper Mississippi," by Kensett; a "Sunset," an early work by Church; "June Shower," a study from nature, by Durand; an original miniature likeness of Henry Clay, by Linnell; a landscape, "Grotto near Amalfi," by Chapman, etc., etc. Amateurs will find this sale a rare opportunity to procure works of intrinsic merit. Most of them are works especially connected with our national development in art, such as must be referred to as historical illustrations of it. Their late lamented possessor gave his time and fortune to the cause, with a most liberal spirit, and procured these pictures of the artists at a time when they and the cause needed his disinterested and generous encouragement.

Another letter by Frère is placed in our hands, addressed to